

## PORTLAND TRIBUNE.

PORTLAND, SATURDAY, NOV. 9, 1844.

**WANTED**—Several active and intelligent men to act as agents for the Tribune, to whom liberal compensation will be given.

## PRUDENCE.

Prudence, prudence—be prudent—not mean and stingy—but waste nothing, and save all you can. Take care of the cents, and you will have no trouble in looking after the dollars. In some families there is enough wasted to support two or three children and a pig to boot, and yet the members are always poor. They don't manage right. They don't look after the bits of bread, the scraps of cloth, and the chips of wood. Nothing should be wasted that can possibly be put in use. The paper and twine that come about your coffee and sugar, when you buy in small quantities, should not be thrown into the fire. They will be of use at some future time. Old hats and old shoes might be laid aside for mending, or to exchange for something you may need of the pedlar. Crusts of bread must not be put on the shelf to mould. Dry them; nothing makes a better pudding. Peel your potatoes and not slice them in taking off the parings. Don't sweep your brooms into the fire and offer them to burn up. A good broom will do a prudent housewife a great while. It isn't necessary to have a fresh dinner every day.—Farm over what is left the day before.

This is the course to pursue if you would become independent. We will defy a wasteful, careless family to become rich. It is impossible to do not advocate in any, narrow contracted habits. God knows we despise such creatures as well as he. They are abhorrent to our nature, and smell rank to us as well as to Heaven. But we would have you prudent and saving, and make the most of whatever is carried into the house. Take care of your clothing and your food; suffer not a crumb of bread, or a potatoe to be lost; lose not a needle full of thread, or burn up a scrap of cotton, the weight of a musquitoe. In well regulated families nothing is lost. At this day, when every thing made use of, how important that care should be taken to preserve every trifle. Old shoes and dry bones can now be turned into a penny worth as ashes and old rags. Be economical in your habits, and you will soon be above all; yea more—you will gradually acquire property, and if you live long enough, become rich.

In closing our sermon on economy, we ventured to say it is worth more than any discourse we have heard the past twelvemonth, and what better, it cost you nothing. Take heed to it, and we shall have the satisfaction of knowing that we have not preached in vain. Amen.

## ADVICE.

Young man, are you looking out for a companion for life? Don't select that female you are just speaking to. She will never do for you.

That moment's conversation was enough to convince us that she would make a miserable wife.

Did you notice with what contempt she looked at young Higgins, the industrious and intelligent mechanic? We remember well when that girl's father worked as hard as he to the money she squanders upon her follies. I think of marrying that girl, Jim—she will ruin you in a twelvemonth after your marriage, that you may rely upon. Opposite lives a girl. See how pleasant she looks cleaning her rocker, and singing to herself. Don't you want to meet with such a female? We do; and unite your destinies with such a girl, and you may rely upon spending a happy life.

Millerites who went up on the 22d ult., to receive, have come down. 'Tis strange they should wish to live on earth again.

## WHAT WE WOULD NOT DO.

If we smoked cigars, we would not puff away in the shop of a friend or neighbor, to whom tobacco smoke is disagreeable.

If we chewed tobacco, we would not squirt the juice in a neighbor's face, or on a neighbor's floor.

If we lived in the house with another, we would not have fried onions for dinner, unless we cooked them in the yard.

If we were a lawyer, we would not be guilty of pettifoggery.

If we were a come-outer, we would not denounce every body who did not not believe as we do.

If we were a Millerite, we would not make a fool of ourself.

If we were a rich merchant, we would not cut down the prices of goods for the purpose of underselling our poor neighbors, to prevent them from obtaining a living.

If we were a minister, we would not put on an austere appearance, as if it were a sin to smile, or to converse on the common topics of the day.

If we were a fool, we would not tell every body to take notice of it.

If we wrote a "prize article," we would not beseech and entreat our cotemporaries to republish it, even if we went to the expense of "setting it up."

If we were a rich mean man, we would not be bold in speaking of our *wood pile* to the poor, even if we did wish to obtain popularity.

If we were a political editor, we would not fight for the loaves and fishes, but labor for correct principles.

If we were a farmer, a mechanic, a merchant, a laborer, a doctor, a minister, or a Mormon, we would not let another week pass away without subscribing for the Portland Tribune.

## STILL AT IT.

The Journal and Transcript are still at it, tongs and hammer—one pleading the cause of humanity, and denouncing the rum-seller; the other battling for the retailers—"the best men in the city." Who "Zenas" is, in the Journal, we cannot tell; but the way he puts the licks into him of the Transcript is not slow. Every blow tells. Hear him:

"My friend Hsley makes a great flourish about my insinuation, that occasionally, he drinks something stronger than water; and after some parade, that he cannot 'submit to so degrading an imputation,' he calls upon all the rum-sellers in the city, to come forward, and to say—what? whether he ever *drank* in any or all of their drunkeries? O no! not at all; but whether 'they are knowing to his purchasing intoxicating drinks by the glass or by the quantity.'"

That's a cute one, even for him. I did not intimate that he *purchased and pays for his liquor*; on the contrary, my language implied that he always drank at *other people's cost*—and so without daring to say he does not drink intoxicating liquor, he asks whether he ever *paid for any* in his life—and while there is a perfect chorus of no, no, no, from all "the best men in the city," he thinks to get off by that capital device. My charge was, not that he *buys* liquor, but that he *drinks* it, and this he cannot deny.

"Ah! friend Hsley, frequent looking through the bottom of a tumbler is very bad for the eyes; it is 'deceiving, very deceiving, very.' Tumblers' bottoms are bad spectacle glasses—and many better even than you are, have run into a drunkard's grave by looking through them, while they never dreamed of danger—why should they? since their companionship, like yours, was with 'the best men' in the city. I do not believe you would have attacked the temperance folks if you had not been looking through a tumbler bottom—a very bad perspective glass; the temperance cause and those who carry it on, looked very small through it, as if

they 'were minding other people's business,' and it seemed to you as if they would be nothing in your hands—but you had hardly commenced your attack, before you called out for the military and fire department to help you!"

Now, really, that is too bad on poor Hsley.—What can he say for himself? But those who meddle with edged tools must expect to get cut occasionally. We see by the Transcript that its editor is sorry that he undertook the warfare, and intimates that he cannot longer carry it on. We hope he is not in earnest—for we do love fun. It is a shame to run away at the very onset of the battle.

## HAPPY GIRL.

Ay, she is a happy girl—we know it by her fresh looks and buoyant spirits. Day in and day out she has something to do, and she takes hold of work as if she did not fear to soil her hands or dirty her apron. Such girls we love and respect, wherever we find them—in a palace or a hovel. Always pleasant and always kind, they never turn up their noses before your face, or slander you behind your back. They have more good sense and better employment. What are flirts and bustle-bound girls in comparison with these? Good for nothing but to look at; and that is rather unprofitable business, unless you have nothing else to do. Give us the industrious and happy girl, and we care not who worship fashionable and idle simpletons.

Himes, the Millerite, has sent us a long rignarole—called his *defence*—which he wishes us to publish. We will see him go up first, before we lay such trash before our readers. If Himes is an honest man, he will impose upon the poor and deluded no longer—stop his miserable sheet, and go to work laboring to undo the evil which he has been the instrument of producing. The wretch will have a large volume of inconsistencies and sins to answer for.

We have received "Littell's Living Age" for November—one of the best magazines published in this country. It is made up principally of selections from British Magazines. If any one wishes for a really useful work, and one that is worth perusing, he cannot do better than subscribe for this. It comes out in weekly and monthly parts. Terms \$6.00 per annum.

GEO. CULMAN, Esq. Exchange Building, is Agent for this city.

The American Masonic Register comes to us in a new shape with the commencement of Vol. 6. It is printed in a large octavo form of 16 pages, stitched and covered—to be issued monthly at \$1.00 a year. L. G. Hoffman, Esq. Editor. Are there no Masons in our state, who would like to take the Register? We are not a Mason, but we are unwilling so good a paper should not be liberally supported.

JOHN NEAL gave the first lecture before the Bangor Lyceum on Tuesday evening of last week. His subject was—What is Education? and what should it be for the people?

The election in Pennsylvania has gone for the Democrats. In 45 counties heard from, the aggregate majorities stand—for Clay 21,614; for Polk 26,985; majority for Polk thus far, 5371.

The N. Y. Express and N. Y. Tribune give it as their opinion that the Polk majority will be less than 4000 in the State.

Mr. Weston, a man of exceedingly feeble talents, has retired from the Gardiner Fountain. He is succeeded by a gentleman, who, if we may judge from the paper, lacks neither tact nor talent to make an interesting and valuable temperance sheet.

REDUCTION OF FARE. The fare on the Boston and Lowell Railroad has been reduced from one dollar to seventy-five cents.

## CITY ITEMS.

The Treasurer of the Female Orphan Asylum acknowledges the receipt of \$35 31, the amount of the collection taken at the Second Parish, on Sunday the 26th of October, for the benefit of the Asylum.

On account of their intemperate habits, Samuel Kelsey and John Soule have been sent to the House of Correction in this city. The former for seven days—the latter, thirty.

Mr. J. B. Brown, who was severely injured last week from being thrown from his wagon, is in a fair way to recover.

The Board of Aldermen have not as yet concluded to license individuals to sell ardent spirits.

The Rechabite Hall in the Old State House was dedicated on Friday evening. Brother Adams gave us the Address. So we prosper.

Why should "Zenas" be denied a hearing in the Washingtonian Journal? Open your columns to him, Messrs. S. He makes a good deal of sport.

The Rev. J. B. CONNOR is to deliver a lecture on the subject of Temperance, before the Ladies Temperance Society, at the Second Parish Church, next Sabbath evening, commencing at 7 o'clock.

The Rev. Mr. DWIGHT is to repeat, by request, on some future Sabbath evening, the able Address which he delivered before the Young Men's Temperance Society a short time since.

For the Portland Tribune.  
MILLERISM.

Mr. EDITOR:—The articles published in your excellent paper, in reference to Millerism, some may think arise from the spirit of persecution. I do not judge thus. I have been puzzled to know how to treat them. Solomon says, "though you bray a fool in a mortar with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him." Many of the Millerites appear to be sincere, and are so duped as to give away all the property they possess, and the knowing ones have been mean enough to receive it. They all profess to be without Christ and are looking for him to come. In this they are nearer right than some may suppose; for they do not manifest much of the spirit of Christ. S. S. Snow altered the conditions of salvation, by saying that men must believe *his* doctrine in the destruction of this world on the 22d of October, or they would not be saved. He exhorted them to believe a lie. Most of the Millerites have been uncharitable in denouncing the most pious and Godly men we have among us, and instead of trying to convince sinners of the error of their way and point them to Jesus, have turned to, and helped Satan accuse the brethren. In all these and many more points they show themselves deficient of the spirit of Christ. Jesus told his disciples he would be with them to the end of the world.

Do not follow those false prophets any longer; they have prophesied lies and they are to be cut off from among the people. God never sent them; if he had, their words would not have fallen to the ground.

## METHODIST MINISTERS.

Accident and death. Mr. Charles M. Bryant, of Saco, fell through the floor of a saw-mill on Biddeford side of the river, on the 24th ult., and injured his back so severely, that he died from the injury on Monday last, after suffering the most extreme pain for two weeks. He was 43 years of age. He has left a wife and a number of small children to mourn his loss.